[fic] Chains and Promises.

• Apr. 18th, 2010 at 10:03 PM

Title: Chains and Promises.
Rating: PG.
Characters/Pairings: Gabriel/Castiel.
Prompt: 6. Gabriel/Castiel – You need to loosen up.
Spoilers: Up to 5x08 at least? Nothing big, really.
Word count: 1,849 words.
Warnings: Evidence of violence and slash.
Summary: Gabriel finds an injured Castiel, and then evidence is presented that drags him into the conflict.
Notes: This became far, far too plotty for a one-shot, and it's not very slashy at all, but I hope you guys enjoy it all the same. I used the Book of Enoch for some names and ideas, and the rest came from Wikipedia and my imagination.

Written for **wordsmeetwings**.

"Where did they even find these?" Gabriel hissed as the chain flared under his touch, burning his hands. Enochian sigils glowed angry blue, spelling out concepts such as pain and betrayal. The chain was supposed to have been destroyed, but here it was, burning Castiel's skin. Gabriel was going to *kill* those demons, once Castiel was freed.

The smell of burnt flesh was nauseating, and Gabriel's own skin was beginning to blacken as he gripped the chain, forcing his Grace to touch it and break the sigils. But demons had their own brand of magic, and the sigils twisted under his touch, skittering away from his touch yet retaining their shapes.

Castiel made a soft, hurt sound that made Gabriel redouble his efforts, and finally he undid one of the sigils, which led to the rest of them shattering off the chain. The chain promptly broke under his tug, and Castiel fell into his arms. Castiel was smoking faintly, clothing and skin burnt and twisted, and it was healing far, far too slowly for Gabriel's liking. But he was conscious, and he tried to pull back from Gabriel, and that wasn't to Gabriel's liking at all. Angels didn't pull away from angels, even if they were half-conscious, and Gabriel's Grace was crackling just under his skin. He couldn't be mistaken for a Trickster, not like this.

Gabriel snapped his fingers in front of Castiel's eyes, trying to get him to focus, not using any power at all. "Hey," he said, and when Castiel managed to pull away from the pain long enough to recognize him, Gabriel found himself relieved.

Up until Castiel redoubled his admittedly weak efforts to pull away. Gabriel narrowed his eyes, not pleased. No demon could cause this sort of fear, and Gabriel wasn't stupid. He added Zachariah to his list of creatures to interrogate once he was done here, and gathered himself. It had been ages since he had healed one of his brothers, but he still remembered how to do it. It meant tracing sigils like just so and forcing his Grace to flow along those lines, and then to press it to his injured brother's Grace. Warm healing light flared briefly against them both, and then Castiel's vessel and Grace began to heal properly. He still needed time, but now Gabriel could be sure that Castiel wouldn't be scarred by this.

With that done, Gabriel shifted to lean against a clean spot of the wall, and arranged Castiel in his arms, close. He wasn't letting those demons near Castiel, and that was how he excused himself from proximity. He didn't think about his older brother instincts that Castiel brought out, nor did he think of the pained look in Castiel's eyes.

Minutes passed before Castiel spoke.

"Gabriel," he began, and Gabriel met his eyes. There was pain there, and fear and badly-denied hope. "Why - "

"I don't like seeing family hurt." It was short, it was true, and Gabriel didn't want to admit the rest of it.

Castiel nodded, eyes closing briefly. "Where are the Winchesters?"

Oh, that was too precious for words. Gabriel could have laughed. The Winchesters had adopted an angel, like it or not. Castiel was supposed to ask about his attackers, supposed to ask about important issues. Sure, he could excuse Castiel asking about Dean, but Sam? Too precious.

"Safe, Castiel. Even I wouldn't let them die for good." As much as it was fun to poison tacos and drop pianos on Dean, leaving him dead just wasn't funny. Hadn't been funny the first time, come to think of it.

Castiel took in a breath he didn't need and Gabriel could see him moving down his list of priorities.

"Where are the demons?"

"Gone, and I'll kill them later. That was some nasty mojo they had on you."

"Enochian isn't meant to be used like that." Castiel said, remembering the sigils and how wrong they had looked.

"*Nothing* is meant to be used like that. Our brother must be desperate if he's giving them that kind of toy."

"He's not," Castiel sat up, looking serious. "They used the name of Sariel when referring to the chains."

That. That left Gabriel silent for a moment. When he spoke again, his tone was deadly serious. "They weren't talking about Sariel, Castiel. He's still among the names. But Saraqael Fell, and he should have died a long time ago." But it made too much sense. Enochian couldn't be used like that, not without some major power behind it, and Saraqael had been an archangel long, long ago. "You and your charges are going to need some major help, if the other Fallen are joining in."

He could feel how tattered Castiel's Grace was, and he had *known* Saraqael before he had exercised free will. Saraqael had been creative, and had been a master at forging items. He didn't want to think of what a sword forged with warped symbols could do. Damn. This meant he had to move, and choose a side. A family spat was just Michael and Lucifer. If the other Fallen were helping - and they would, Saraqael commanded a Host - then it would be a war. Not sunday dinner after all.

"Brother," He said, and there was worry and determination in his tone. "Castiel. I'm sending you back to the Winchesters. Tell them I'm joining Team Free Will, after I round up some things."

He raised a hand to snap Castiel away, but he didn't miss the sudden look of surprise,

hope and gratitude in Castiel's eyes before he vanished.

A week later he caught up with Castiel in Idaho. "The rib carvings work, little brother," He said by way of greeting, smiling. "Had to find you instead of them."

"Gabriel."

"It's me. C'mere, I've got weapons for you."

Castiel was wary, Gabriel could see that. He could see the badly-hidden fear in there again, and he didn't like it.

"What, are you scared of me?" The best way to find out about it was to ask, he thought. "I picked a side, remember?"

Castiel stiffened, straightening, and Gabriel frowned. "I remember, Gabriel. But you have tricked the Winchesters before."

"It took me some time to find this stuff - can't blame me for being late." He held out a hand that suddenly held a long bow, taller than either of them. "I believe this is yours." The bow was etched with real, proper Enochian sigils, and had been intended to only be used at the final war. Many of Heaven's greatest weapons were locked until the battle itself, and it had taken time to get both his and Castiel's weapon from Heaven.

Castiel's eyes widened even as he reached out to take it. Pure instinct had him testing it, and recognizing it. "I don't understand - "

"It's not a family tiff anymore, brother. Father would rebuild after Michael and Lucifer finished their squabble. Paradise would become Earth again, and Hell would do the same. But the other Fallen are mobilizing. I checked, and it's not just Saraqael. Remial and Samyaza are doing the same, and I don't think Michael's noticed yet." Which was very, very bad. Gabriel didn't want to think of the consequences if the Final battle happened with Michael unprepared for anyone more than Lucifer.

"Then Heaven must be alerted." Castiel said, and Gabriel had to shake his head.

"Think they'll believe you? Castiel, you're not exactly trust-worthy for them anymore. And don't even think of asking me. I've been gone for too long for them to trust me, even if I showed up with one of those chains and waved it under their noses. We've got to fix this on our own, much as I hate to say it."

And he did. He didn't *want* to resume his post, official or not, but some things couldn't be avoided.

Castiel was silent, digesting the information. Gabriel could hear the question that Castiel didn't ask when he looked at him. 'What can I do? I'm just a foot-soldier, and a weak one at that.' Typical thinking, and Gabriel had seen it before.

Gabriel took a breath. "Castiel. I can't do this alone, if I'm to actually stop the battle. I can get you powered up again, and then you can do things I can't. Once things get moving I'll be the bright spot on the radar, and I'll need you to do things that I won't be able to, what with a Host after me. Tactically, you're the best man for the job we're going to have to do."

At that, Castiel nodded, and Gabriel let himself smile. He hated being a war leader. Sure, he could do it, but Michael had always been better suited to the job.

"Here," he said, abruptly changing methods. He moved up into Castiel's personal space,

manifesting his wings as he caught Castiel in a kiss. For a bare moment it was human, lips to lips, then Castiel jerked back, eyes wide. Scared.

Gabriel frowned, tucking his wings back again. "I'm not going to hurt you, kiddo."

"Forgive me," Castiel said, taking breaths he didn't need. The motion was calming, Gabriel knew, but still. Why did he need to calm himself down from that? "Forgive me. You startled me."

"And why is my Grace scaring you?"

Castiel took another deep breath, then looked Gabriel in the eyes. "Raphael killed me."

"He *what?*" Gabriel couldn't stop the startled laugh. "He wouldn't! And you're still here!"

But Castiel's look was too scared, too serious. "God resurrected me."

"He..." Gabriel trailed off, seeing that at least Castiel believed it. And if he believed it... "Raphael? You're sure?"

"Yes."

Even someone as experienced as Gabriel had to be speechless at that.

Castiel let his gaze drop and his shoulders hunch, almost daring Gabriel to tell him that he was lying.

"...things really have changed up there, haven't they." No *wonder* Castiel was scared.

"Yes."

"Well." Gabriel looked up, then back at Castiel. "Okay. I'm going to give you a power boost. It means I'll be up close and personal. Hold still, and bring out your wings. It'll help."

At Castiel's nod Gabriel moved up again, manifesting his wings as he kissed Castiel. Lips and lips, then it was lips and tongue, and then it was Grace and Grace. Gabriel let his essence mingle with Castiel's, healing and filling, and he let his tongue explore Castiel's mouth. They didn't need to kiss, but he had always preferred to do it this way.

After a minute, he drew back. "Better?"

Castiel's wings were large and impressive, and Gabriel smiled to see them. His smile widened to see Castiel's expression, one of relief and hope. He'd seen that too few times in the last hundred years.

"We'll make it, Castiel. I promise." And that was purely impulse and stupid, but he wanted it to be true. Wanted, and he would do everything he could to make sure he held that promise true.

Especially when Castiel met his eyes again and said: "I believe you."